

# Good Morning 562

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Home Town News

DOWN Llantrisant and Llantwit Fardre way they are hoping soon to hear that "Ma May," Britain's champion foster-mother, has been honoured. Her great war record of Welsh hospitality has been brought to the notice of the powers that be.

She has twelve boys, evacuees from Chatham and London, aged seven to fifteen. "It's like a Sunday School treat when we go for a walk on week-ends," she says. She washes, mends, cooks and doctors the whole lot.

Every Friday they queue up for a bath before the kitchen fire. In Meylery Street, Tonyrefail, the neighbours think Ma May is just wonderful.

She has had 37 evacuees since the war started. Her home is an ever-open door, and her fan mail from former evacuees would make a film star envious.

### PARATROOPER.

GWYN WILLIAMS, fair-haired paratrooper, of Pontycymmer, who went over at Arnhem, has jumped into the front line of boxers by getting the decision over Ronnie James, Swansea holder of the British light-weight championship.

At the Royal Albert Hall his hand was held up after Ronnie was disqualified in the sixth round.

In the first three rounds Glyn gave a dashing performance. In the sixth round Ronnie was fighting back well when Glyn staggered away after some infighting. Ref. Eugene Henderson waved Ronnie away and gave the decision to the Pontycymmer lad.

### CARELESS TALK.

YOU don't need petrol to drive ponies. And that is the secret of a boom in Welsh horsemanship.

Gymkhanas and horse shows have become all the rage in the Principality. With money to spend and pleasures limited, the horse has come into its own.

There is now a ban on the export of horses from Ireland, and as so many hunters were killed before the war, because no one wanted them, the supply is now very low and sky-high prices are being realised at Welsh marts.

At Ely, Cardiff, ponies have been fetching £26 to £36. A cob mare was run up to £59. Before the war, Welsh ponies could easily be had for £8 to £10. Now they are realising as much as £60. Hunters, which it was difficult to give away, are now making up to £100.

Harness and traps have been jumping up, too. A pre-war £5 trap or gig now costs between £50 and £60. Many dealers have long waiting lists.

### CASTLE GRANTS.

CYRIL WILLIAMS, ex-chairman of Llandrindod Wells Council and ex-Royal Artilleryman, is pushing a plan to persuade the Government to advance "housing grants" to demobbed Service men to enable them to buy their own "castles" after the war.

Although all the Welsh local authorities have ambitious plans to run up many thousands of houses, it is expected that private building will also boom, and that special facilities will be provided to enable those coming home to buy their own houses. Cardiff is one of the progressive authorities making special plans for Service men, who will get preference.

Up to 90 per cent. of the purchase price of new villas will be loaned by the Council at a low rate of interest. Before the war, 3,533 such houses were bought through the Corporation, costing £1,721,000. The solve-your-housing-problem-by-buying-your-own will be greatly helped by these new plans.

### MOTORWAYS.

MR. E. J. POWELL, County Surveyor for Glamorgan and one of the big shots behind the proposed London-Wales motorway, and who gave the first hint some time back that a road bridge crossing of the River Severn was under way, has given out more information about the post-war roads of Wales.

The average speed by long-distance general purpose vehicles on the existing road system, he said, was only 10-15 miles an hour. It was anticipated that on the motorways an average speed of 30-35 miles an hour would be attained with safety.

Of the 59 miles of existing trunk road between Chepstow and Port Talbot, 33 miles would be by-passes.

A South Wales motorway, with motor-engines pulling complete trains or trailers, which could be adjusted to go to the Midlands or London or to the South-West at appropriate junctions, would form a new "backbone" upon which all future road and industrial development in the region would be based.

BOB (shovel-nose) HOPE has written America's best-seller of the summer, "I Never Left Home." But he DID leave home—to entertain, with singer Frances Langford, troops in Britain, N. Africa and Sicily. To-day, Dick Gordon quotes some of his impressions.

OUR first evening in Bizerta was peaceful enough on the roof of the hotel, except that I kept imagining I heard planes. The soldiers were kind of amused at my imagination. Pretty soon my imagination got so strong that the Ack-Ack boys out on the point began throwing flak at it.

But who was I to be kicking? Just across a narrow neck of water to the north a bunch of guys I'd played for when they were in training at the California-Arizona Desert Training Centres were facing death on the beaches, in the olive groves and the vineyards of Sicily. I wondered if I'd ever get there.

I also wondered why I'd ever left home. I thought of all the trouble I'd gone to. The arrangements that had to be made. The shots I had to have. The endless days of waiting around New York with nothing to do but the monotony of going to the theatre... eating fine food... sitting around "21"... and sleeping on inner-coil mattresses.

And then at the last minute, just before leaving, I saw my travelling order, where it said about the seventy-seven pounds of luggage. And I had to rush out and buy sixteen pounds of stuff I didn't need to get up to quota. Imagine! Seventy-seven pounds of baggage! That's a lot of tooth-paste. But I sold every tube.

In Tunis the Army had gotten us rooms at the Hotel Transatlantique. We were on the fourth floor. There was no ele-

vator. I had a lovely little closet overlooking a moth. The room was so small that every time someone turned the door-knob he rearranged the furniture. There was no soap and no light. And the ceiling was so low the mice were born round-shouldered.

The whole time you're in Tunis you feel something in the air. Some call it espionage. Some call it counter-espionage. But that certain something in the air that seemed most important to me is called mosquitoes.

The mosquitoes around Tunis are so big they have to use landing strips. But I got kind of used to their biting me. What I never could get used to was seeing them pull out a bottle of Worcestershire sauce.

In Africa they're even more secretive than in England. I

said to one soldier, "How many men around Tunis?" He said, "Oh, somewhere between... maybe more, maybe a few less."

I said, "How many planes are dispersed in this area?" He said, "More and more."

I said, "Are they mostly fighters or bombers?" He said, "Definitely!"

Then he took my arm and said, "I've got to put you in the stockade."

I said, "Why?"

He said, "You know too much."

It was at this base that Captain Bud Ross (I understand he's now a major) took me up in a P-38. They're made for only one person, so I kind of rode piggy-back. Those things really travel. Just for fun I decided to spit down at the ground. Ross should have told me we were flying upside-down. I didn't want to show my nervousness, but I couldn't help saying, "Do you mind if I bite my nails?" Ross said, "No! Go right ahead. Anything to make you stop biting mine."

We went out to play for about seven thousand Tank Corps men. Those Tankers are a rugged bunch of boys. I said to a guy named Canon from Kentucky, "It gets pretty warm inside one of those kettles out on the desert, doesn't it?" He just smiled and the steam came pouring out of his ears.

Those Tank guys were nice to us. We ate with the enlisted men. What food those guys had! And do they grab for it. I saw one soldier eating with his fingers. I said, "Didn't they give you a knife and fork?"

"Yes," he answered, "and they were delicious."

After lunch they took me for a ride in one of their iron-covered jeeps with muscles. I should have ridden BEFORE lunch. Now I know what an ice cube feels like in a cocktail shaker.

One thing we found out was that around Bizerta an American woman was even more of a novelty than around Tunis. There was one little village where about three thousand soldiers were stationed. There were two girls in the town. They both looked like Mrs. Frankenstein, but they had more dates than Hedy Lamarr. On Saturday nights the guys had to synchronise their watches.

To make things fair the girls split the guys between them and gave each one a date. One soldier was worried. He was afraid he'd be shipped out before May 12, 1948. No kidding, I walked into one camp with Frances Langford hanging from my arm. When the rush was over, my arm was hanging from Frances Langford.

Believe me, I've learned one wonderful thing, talking to men in hospitals. I've learned how to listen. And I've also learned how to let myself get topped. That guy in the all-over plaster cast topped me... and of all people to be topped by, a guy who's plastered.

For me to talk to that man at all took more than courage. It took downright gall. Fortunately, you don't stop to think of all those things when you're touring the wards. I just got a gander at this guy and said, "How do you get a razor in here?"

Nice crack, huh? He didn't mind. I guess he smiled, if I could have seen it. He must have. Because what he said was, "I've had my close shave, Bob."

There may be a topper to that. But who wants it?

At the Bizerta Naval Base we got the first scuttlebutt about the coming invasion of continental Italy. "Scuttlebutt," that's Navy slang for gossip.

Nobody seems to know how the word "scuttlebutt" got started, unless somebody saw Crosby from the rear... although Crosby from the rear is definitely not rumour; that is solid fact. (Note to Composer: Please leave the "c" in that last word even though you've seen Crosby from the rear.)

I'll never forget our flight across the Mediterranean to Sicily. It was a beautiful, clear day, and for a little while they let me fly the Fortress. And I handled it like a veteran, the crew told me as they climbed into their parachutes and prepared to bail out.

I happened to be riding up in the greenhouse—that's way up in the front where the bomb-sight and the nose guns are—when we picked up the Sicilian coast. It was a beautiful sight. It gave me a great thrill to see it down there. It looked so peaceful... Sicily, Mother of Bootleggers.

We played for General Gaffe's Second Armoured Division. They were all motorised, and those guys could make anything run. They certainly did a job on the Germans. The men in that armoured outfit never think of asking for replacements. If they're short of transportation they just open a can of Spam, eat the contents, and make the can into a jeep.

We also did two shows between Palma and L'cata. One for the men of the Ninth Division and the other for Terry Allen's First Infantry. Those were the guys who fought their way across Africa to Tunis. Pretty tough guys.

But let's face it; the infantry is really getting old-fashioned. There's practically nothing left for them to do. After the planes get through their job, and the tanks get through their job, and the artillery has done its job, about the only thing left for the infantry is to step in and do all the fighting.

It got so hot in Sicily we thought we'd be more comfortable if we did our shows in shorts. Frances Langford was the first to try it. Her singing was the most enjoyable those guys ever laid eyes on. What an inspiration a pair of Hollywood legs were to those men! A few days later Italy surrendered.

## Dick Gordon says BOB HOPE DID LEAVE HOME



### USELESS EUSTACE



### A LINE-UP FOR LDG./STO. JACK HAWKINS

CALLING Leading Stoker Jack Hawkins! When a "Good Morning" representative visited your home, 6 Pen-y-wain Place, Cardiff, your aunt, Mrs. Richards, handed him a letter for you—here it is:—

Dear Jack,

I expect this will come as a lovely surprise, as it will be so unexpected to see at least some of our "ugly mugs" lined up for a photo. Mum was really worried when the chap called to make arrangements, as she felt sure it spelt trouble of some sort, but, of course, when it was explained she thought it was a swell idea.

As you can see, your two "glamour-girls" are missing, because we were both working and just couldn't make it. In any case, I doubt if the camera could stand the strain.

As you can guess, Phyllis, George's mother, and the kiddies have come to stay with us.

I must be off now, but will write you an air mail at the week-end, giving you the low-down on everything.

So until the next time, cheerio, with love from

DOROTHY AND MARJORY.

Well, Jack, the girls seem to take a poor view of the camera, but try hard enough and you will no doubt recognise who is who in the picture.

Your sister Phyllis says that Frank has been in the "wars" again, and, strange to say, for the second time has broken both his legs.

He was hit by an Army truck, but is quite O.K. now; he is out of hospital and has rejoined his unit.

Everyone at Pen-y-wain Place wish you all you wish yourself, and hope to see you soon.

P.S.—Mrs. Richards says Marjory is still on the shelf, and they'll soon have to buy a broom to sweep her down!

We ALWAYS write  
to you, if you  
write first  
to "Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# Helicopters for all in the Air Age

I HAVE just been talking to an architect who says that after the war he must buy a helicopter, because he can see already that the towns of the future will need to be planned from above.

All our cities, towns, buildings have been designed throughout history to serve ground-dwellers. The most important part of a building has been that which you can see and enter from the street. The upper portion has never counted for much.

When you fly over towns you see only a jumble of ugly and dangerous roof-tops, chimney-pots, spires and masts and towers. It is like a bed of thistles to a balloon.

Now that, according to my architect friend, is all wrong. In the to-morrow we shall fly everywhere, and the roads and streets, railways and searoads below will be deserted by all save people who have just landed or are preparing to take-off—not to men-

tion a little ultra-heavy traffic and a few old ladies who think it is more respectable to use a racing-car.

Since towns and cities are instruments made to serve the needs of those who dwell in them, it follows that they must undergo a revolution in design, to meet the requirements of a population which will gaze and arrive from the upper atmosphere!

Now for the detail of this planning. Those roof-tops, spires, towers and masts must go, and then, before the new roofs are designed, the towns and cities must be re-arranged to make pleasing patterns.

The pleasure used to be had from staring at, say, the outside of a cathedral or the fantastic facade of a super cinema or in-

## THE AIR AGE—No. 2

By JULIAN MOUNTAIN

The coming Air era will change our cities, our lives, our country. Cities will be born. Others will die. Let's glimpse the future.

Not just flat roofs, but houses, in the future from obtaining an office and shops turned right eye of the ground-plan of a upside-down will be the universal building or town as seen from the mode of the future.

That is to say, the strongest part will be on top, or the thickest part, while the foundations to support this will extend far below the surface of the ground. You know what an ancient city of Palestine or Syria looks like, all white cubes and squares low to the ground. That, greatly enlarged, will be the future London and New York.

There will, of course, be most scope with the new cities and towns that must replace many of the old ones.

Grouped in the first place round airports, they will be designed beautifully to produce a good aerial aspect. Colour and vegetation, water and concrete strips will aid the architectural artist in his novel task.

There will be many other considerations. Even airports will become of less importance when aircraft can take-off and land in a narrow space. The top of each building will be a miniature landing-ground.

IN PEACE AND WAR. The heavy flat tops of the buildings will serve a dual purpose, as taking-off and landing-grounds for the thousands of small and large private and commercial aircraft; and as protection for the inhabitants in time of aerial war.

It should be remembered, moreover, that there will be grave dangers from the air in peace as well as war—machines which crash, cargo which is badly stowed

and falls overboard, oil which escapes and is sprayed downwards.

As for the war aspect, it is seriously considered by the architects that dwellings, offices and factories should be built into the earth at last to the depth of the London tubes, and only their heavily reinforced tops should protrude from the ground.

Entire underground cities are definitely favoured.

It is unlikely, however, that most of us will be so logical and fatalistic as to go that far all at once.

We shall compromise, building cities that enable us to retain great weights and possibly great impacts from above will be primarily a problem for engineers working in a new age of steel and plastic construction.



Walls will be thicker and shorter, windows will be narrower, new materials will be used, entirely new building methods.

Not only will that architect need that helicopter, but he will require quite a different kind of training from the conventional architect of to-day. He will have to adopt the methods of those technicians who designed during this war our deep-shelters and the German secret-weapon installations in France.

Building a house to withstand great weights and possibly great impacts from above will be primarily a problem for engineers working in a new age of steel and plastic construction.

## QUIZ for today



### Answers to Quiz in No. 561

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 60, 30, 50, 80, 40, 70, 20, 90.

1. Certainly—all of them!
2. Rabindranath Tagore, 1911.
3. No, but Archbishops and Bishops sit in the House of Lords.
4. In England the law does not permit the closing of roads for racing purposes.
5. 1905.
6. Ecclesiasticus is in the Apocrypha; others are in the Bible.

1. A waygoose is an animal, bird, printers' dinner, foolish clerk, maze cut in turf?
2. How many countries border on Switzerland, and what are they?
3. What European city is called the "Bride of the Sea"?
4. What English nobleman was drowned in a butt of wine?
5. What is a quarter of a half of three-quarters of 8?

## I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



IN the autumn of 1621 King James I threatened his Privy Council with everything but death unless they did something immediately to revive what was left of Britain's dwindling overseas trade.

They went away and formed a sub-committee which became such a permanent feature of the Whitehall scene that it was called the Board of Trade.

During this Parliamentary session M.P.s will make the same complaint as James I, pointing out that the 300-year-old Board of Trade lacks what it takes to do business in the 1945 world markets.

Led by Mr. Summers, Northampton's Conservative M.P., members of all parties are eager to persuade the Government to relax some of the controls they believe to be handicapping the reconversion of industry to peace production and expanding our export trade.

In defending his Board, Mr. Dalton will probably reveal some of the Government's secret plans for an overseas trade drive.

A hint of them was given in the Government White Paper on the release of war industry workers for peace-time jobs.



ENCOURAGED by the U.S. Army's "none too careful ways with food," rats are overrunning the former 18,000-acre battle-training area in South Devon.

The rats climbed apple trees to get at the fruit in the autumn, and now, as fast as putty is put in the windows of houses, the rats take it out, it was stated at a Kingsbridge Council meeting.

Mr. R. W. Prowse, chairman of the Council, blames the Americans for the plague.

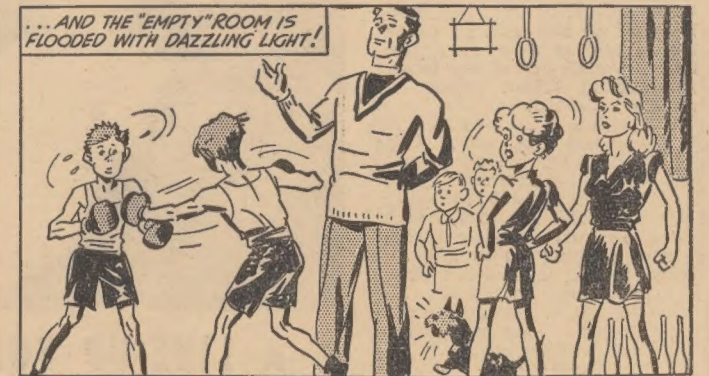
"We are doing our best, but a squad of experts is needed, and we have asked the Ministry of Food for help."

I agree, it's not difficult to see that these rats are doing untold damage in one way and another.

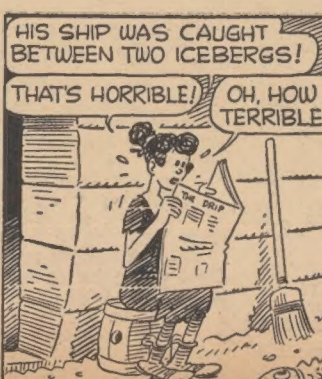
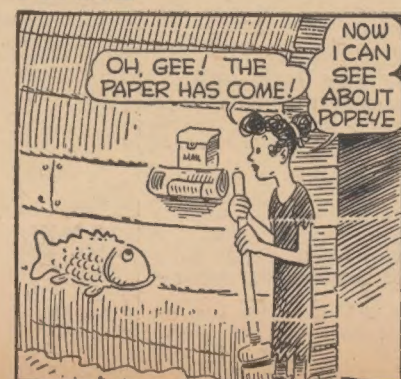
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### RELINDA



### POPEYE









Good  
Morning



## BY SPECIAL REQUEST

Seems the tension in one of H.M. Submarines has been terrific. From a letter we have just received we learn a few details of this Battle of the Pin-ups. The situation is that the Seamen sigh for Betty Grable, the Stokers yearn for Rita Hayworth, and the fore ends fancy Judy Garland.

Hold everything, chaps! "G.M.'s" come to the rescue. Here are the little ladies — and if you cut carefully round the white lines, each party can claim its particular queen!

So that's settled — we hope. Anyway, DO write and tell us what you want to see in "Good Morning." If it's obtainable, we'll get it.

### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"And they don't  
have to  
ask  
their  
Dad."

